Per. My sheepe did leaue theyr wonted foode,
Wil. hey ho seely sheepe,
Per. And gazd on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Woode as he, that did them keepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She roude at me with glauncing eye,
Wil. as cleare as the christall glasse:
Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
Wil. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glanceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Wil. so loue into my hart did streame:
Per. Or as the thonder cleaues the cloudes,
Wil. hey ho the Thonder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Wil. so cleaues thy soule a sonder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer raye
Wil. hey ho the Moonelight,
Per. Upon the glyttering waue doth playe:
Wil. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Wil. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
Wil. such woundes soone weren wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Wil. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my hart roote:
Wil. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rankleth ay more and more,
Wil. hey ho the arrowe,
Per. Ne can I find salue for my sore:
Wil. loue is a carelesse sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil. hey ho heauie cheere,
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought:
Wil. so you may buye gold to deare.

But

Per. But whether in paynefull lou
Wil. hey ho pinching payne,
Per. Or thriue in welth, she shalbe
Wil. but if thou can her obteine.
Per. And if for graceless greefe I
Wil. hey ho graceless griefe,
Per. Witnesse, shee slewe me with
Wil. let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple
Wil. hey ho the fayre flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death
Wil. and mone with many a moo
Per. So learnd I loue on a hollye
Wil. hey ho holidaye,
Per. That euer since my hart did
Wil. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddye,

Sicker like a roundle neuer heard
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the best.
And *Willye* is not greatly ouergon
So weren his vnderlongs well add

VVillye.

Herdgrome, I feare me, thou haue
Areede vprightly, who has the vict

Cuddie.

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech hat
For thy let the Lambe be *Willye* h
And for *Perigot* so well hath hym p
To hym be the wroughten mazer a

Perigot.

Perigot is well pleased with the do
Ne can *Willye* wite the witelesse h

VVillye.

Neuer dempt more right of beauty
The shepheard of *Ida*, that iudged

Cuddie.

But tell me shepherds, should it no
Your roundels fresh, to heare a do

I.